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A CENTURY OF BURNS BIOGRAPHY.

By WILLIAM WALLACE.

ON the 21st of July 1896 will be completed that hundred years from the death of Robert Burns which, according to a generally credited, if not absolutely verified tradition, he told his Jean would be required to do justice to his memory. In the March number of the *Monthly Magazine and British Register* for 1797, there appeared the first instalment of the first biography of the poet—the modest beginning of the most extraordinary literature of the 'Memoirs' order which the world has seen, or is likely to see. It was signed 'H,' and came from the pen of Robert Heron, an unfortunate—and according to Allan Cunningham—dissipated 'stickit minister' and hack of letters, who died in 1807, and at the age of forty-three, in the Fever Hospital of St Pancras, to which he had removed from a debtor's cell in Newgate. Heron's biography was anticipated, however, in the same magazine by anonymous 'stanzas' (in reality a poem of great length) to the memory of Robert Burns. These stanzas appeared in the 'original poetry' department of the periodical in January (that January which, had the poet-exciseman lived, would have witnessed his promotion to a supervisorship), in the company, oddly enough, of verses by Charles Lamb, who writes to 'Sara and S. T. C. at Bristol,' complaining that he cannot snatch 'a fleeting holiday, a little week,' to see them, and to

Muse in tears on that mysterious youth,
Cruelly slighted, who, in evil hour,
Shap'd his adventurous course to London walls.

There is, indeed, something almost pathetically prophetic in the character both of the poetical and of the prose memorials to the genius of Burns which appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* ninety-nine years ago. Upon the merits of no man have poets been more heartily united and biographers more fatally, if not fiercely, dis-

united. The anonymous writer of January 1797 closes his stanzas thus:

High above thy reptile foes
Thy tow'ring soul unconquer'd rose—
Love and the Muse their charms disclose—
The hags retire;
And thy expanded bosom glows
With heav'nly fire.
Go, Builder of a deathless name!
Thy Country's glory, and her shame!
Go, and th' immortal guerdon claim,
To Genius due;
Whilst rolling centuries thy fame
Shall still renew!

Here already we have the spirit, if not the genius, of Wordsworth's noble lines, of the scarcely less eloquent Ode of Mr William Watson, one of the most eminent of living poets, and the silent tears which, according to Edward Fitzgerald, were wrung from the late Lord Tennyson by the sudden realisation of the glory of Doonside, and the tragedy of Dumfries. On the other hand, Heron began his biography with a grotesque inaccuracy, and closed it with the first crude statement of the gravest of all the charges that have been made against the character of Burns. He claimed for the poet that he was the product and triumph of the Scottish parochial school system. This was altogether a blunder. If Burns was a triumph of anything except natural genius, he was a triumph of private tuition. Heron further brought his biography to a termination with this extraordinary statement: 'Even in the last feebleness, and amid the last agonies of expiring life, yielding readily to any temptation that offered the semblance of intemperate enjoyment, he died at Dumfries, in the summer of the year 1796, while he was yet three or four years under the age of forty.' It is hardly too much to say that the biographers of Burns, who have followed in the wake of Heron, have devoted more attention to ascertaining how much—or how little—truth there is in this damning declaration, than to the

elucidation of any other disputed incident in the life of the poet.

In this same year, 1797, Heron reprinted his articles in the *Monthly Magazine*, with additions, as a biography of Robert Burns, and under his signature. But immediately after the poet's death, arrangements were made for the publication of an authoritative Memoir. This work was entrusted to Dr James Currie, a Liverpool physician, a great admirer of Burns, and a connection of Mrs Dunlop. Currie had many advantages, including access to original manuscripts of poems and letters, which have been enjoyed by no subsequent biographer. Relatives of Burns, like his brother Gilbert, and surviving friends, like Syme of Ryedale, were understood to have given him all the help in their power. When Currie's *Life* appeared in 1800, it met with an instantaneous success. Few biographies have passed through so many editions as this has done; still fewer have been subjected to such merciless criticism. The weaknesses of Currie's work are, indeed, only too apparent. He is deplorably inaccurate in matters of detail. He took unwarrantable liberties with Burns's letters. He has been proved to have deliberately misdated several of those which, in his last years, the poet addressed to Mrs Dunlop. He listened far too readily to reports bearing unfavourably on the life of a man whom he had never seen. It has been said that Currie was supported by the authority of Burns's physician, Dr Maxwell. This view has, however, been discredited, to say the least, by the fact that while Currie expressly declares that Burns went to the Brow Well in the last months of his life in opposition to the views of his medical attendant, letters published within a comparatively recent period prove that the poet took this step in accordance with the advice of that attendant! But of Dr Currie's good intentions there can be no doubt whatever, and his *Life* is still, within certain limits, authoritative.

It was followed in 1808 by Crome's *Reliques*, which, although mainly notable as giving poems by Burns which up to that period had not seen the light, was valuable also for certain biographical passages. One of these—that dealing with the story of Highland Mary—has become part and parcel of imperishable poetical romance. Three years later, Professor Josiah Walker, who knew Burns personally, published a biography by way of preface to Morison's edition of the poems. It contained reminiscences which are still of some interest and even biographical value, in spite of at least one serious mistake in dates which they contained, and of the scarification to which they and their author were subjected at the hands of Professor John Wilson. A reaction now set in against the view of Burns's latest years—that he became intemperate and dissolute—

first given by Heron, and countenanced to a considerable extent by Currie. It became known that men like Findlater, his official superior, and his neighbour, Gray the teacher, indignantly denied these charges, and declared that their friend, although he lived a freely social life, never fell into sottishness. The first-fruits of this reaction was the sympathetic biography which the celebrated ecclesiastic, humourist, and convivialist, the Rev. Hamilton Paul, published along with an edition of the *Poems and Songs* in 1819. This work in turn led up to a much more important work, conceived in a similar spirit. John Gibson Lockhart's *Life*, published in 1828, still holds its own as one of the standard biographies of Burns. As all the world knows, it was the work of Lockhart which called forth the celebrated *Essay of Carlyle*, which is at once one of the great masterpieces of Burns criticism, and the high-water mark of its author's earlier and, as many folk still think, better style.

The publication of Lockhart's *Life* marks a stage—as it closed a generation—of Burns Biography. Lives and editions now poured forth on both sides of the Border with a rapidity almost as extraordinary as the growth of Burns Clubs, and testifying, like that unique phenomenon, to the permanent fascination of the poet's life and personality. They are far too numerous to mention; but the first Aldine edition, published in three volumes in 1839 along with a memoir by Sir Harris Nicolas, merits a word of attention, both for the fresh poems of Burns which were published in it, and also as being the first important work on Burns that was published in England. And it became a fashion with Scottish poets to edit the works of their acknowledged pioneer and master. In 1834 'honest'—but by no means invariably accurate—Allan Cunningham published an edition of Burns in eight volumes, along with a *Life* which derives some weight from the fact that its author was a Dumfriesshire man, and claimed special acquaintance with the last seven years of the poet's life. James Hogg and William Motherwell published an edition of Burns's works in 1836; the fifth volume of this edition is a biography written by James Hogg. Among the other Scottish poets who have tried their hands at editing Burns's works, or writing his life, are Alexander Smith, who prepared the well-known Globe edition of the *Life and Works of Burns* (1868); Principal Shairp of St Andrews, whose monograph on the poet in the 'English Men of Letters' series (1879) raised a controversy which has not yet been forgotten, and is notable as having led Robert Louis Stevenson to write 'Some Aspects of Robert Burns,' which takes rank with Wilson's *Éloge* in the *Land of Burns*, and Carlyle's essay, among the most remarkable criticisms of the poet's character and work; the Rev. George Gilfillan, whose *National*

Burns appeared in 1878-79; Professor Nichol, who in 1882 contributed a biographical and critical essay on Burns to William Scott Douglas's six-volume edition of the Poems and Letters (published by Mr Paterson of Edinburgh), and Mr Andrew Lang, who contributed an Introduction to *Selected Poems of Robert Burns* (1891, Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.).

Meanwhile, the necessity for investigating every incident in Burns's life separately and much more thoroughly than had been done by Currie and Lockhart, had become obvious, and had been emphasised by the publication of the celebrated Clarinda correspondence, first irregularly in 1802, and in a more complete form in 1843. This necessity was seen by no man more than by Robert Chambers, who, always an enthusiastic and painstaking student of Burns, had edited (1838) one of the numerous editions of Currie, and in 1840 had, in conjunction with Professor Wilson, produced *The Land of Burns*, which is still the standard work on Burns topography. Dr Chambers's investigations further led him to the conclusion that of no poet can it be said so absolutely as of Burns that his works form part of his life. The great majority both of his poems and of his letters reflect his moods—his despair, the anxiety and remorse due to his 'thoughtless follies'; his all-embracing love of nature and humanity, the ecstasies on the wings of which he soared above the circumstances of his life. Dr Chambers perceived that to separate the biography of the poet from the poems and letters was to effect an unnatural divorce, as they were portions of one astonishing if not stupendous whole. This connection was strengthened by the researches of another very painstaking student of Burns, William Scott Douglas, which culminated in the famous paper which he read before the Society of Scottish Antiquaries in January 1850, and which rendered it almost certain that Burns's betrothal to Highland Mary was an episode in that other attachment which ended in Jean Armour becoming his wife. Dr Chambers followed up this paper by independent discoveries in Greenock, which proved, among other things, that the Mary Campbell whom all but universally accepted belief has identified with the Highland Lassie of Burns's verse and prose, must, if the story of her relatives can be accepted at all, have been buried in the West Kirkyard of that town immediately after the acquisition of a 'lair' there by her brother-in-law on October 12, 1786. The labours of Dr Chambers, who had been placed in possession of all the information at the disposal of Burns's surviving relatives, and of his youngest sister, Mrs Begg, were crowned especially by the publication in 1851-52 of his Life of Burns in four volumes. This work was at once recognised by the public as the authoritative biography of Burns, representing his life as an organic whole, in which letters, poems, and incidents form a 'harmony not understood'—that indeed could not have been understood—by previous editors and biographers.

Nearly half a century has elapsed since Dr Chambers's great work has been published. Since then, innumerable editions of Burns's works, and not a few biographies, have been published

in this country, in America, and even on the Continent, where the Burns cult is spreading with marvellous rapidity. Among the most remarkable of these Lives are the highly original 'spiritual' biography of the Rev. Dr Hately Waddell, published in 1869, and *The Life* in two volumes given to the world in 1893 by M. Anguste Angellier, a professor in Lille. M. Angellier's book is a remarkable performance in many ways—well informed, scholarly, and full of enthusiasm. To find a parallel to Burns, he goes not to 'the too didactic Hesiod, nor the precise Theocritus,' but to 'the marvellous verses of Aristophanes.' There 'we find the countryman speaking for himself, loving the earth unphilosophically, simply for the benefit he derives from it, and the labour it asks of him.' But M. Angellier's work is mainly notable for his strenuous, and on the whole wonderfully successful effort to translate Burns into French.

Not only is Burns literature increasing by leaps and bounds, but it is being specialised. For example, the books more or less of a biographical nature which have been written on Highland Mary almost vie in number and in passion with those which have been evoked by the beauty and tragic story of her namesake the Queen of Scots. Nor is it at all an exaggeration to say that the controversial literature which has arisen out of the question whether Burns, when he lived in Edinburgh, was formally installed as Laureate of the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons, is equal in dimensions to the biographies of Currie and Lockhart combined. The process of Burns specialisation has been greatly encouraged by the establishment of Burns Clubs all over the world. A number of these have formed themselves into a Federation with an organ, the *Burns Chronicle*, which, published annually, devotes itself largely to the elucidation of the poet's biography. Some missing links in the chain of that biography, in the form both of poems and letters, have been found in the course of the last forty-three years. Most of these—including some which have never yet seen the light—were recovered by Dr Chambers, who continued to the end of his life an indefatigable collector of all information bearing on his favourite subject. Certain aspects of Burns's life also merit further exploration. The full story of his stay in Irvine has to be related. The whole truth has not been told of the circumstances under which he contemplated exile to Jamaica. The last word has not been said on Highland Mary. Above all things, fresh investigations into the life of Burns in Dumfries tend happily to give him a higher claim, not to the love and admiration—for a higher claim to these he cannot have—but to the respect, of his fellow-countrymen.

The researches of the last forty-three years have left unshaken the vast majority of the statements of fact which Dr Chambers embodied in his biography. But they have further demonstrated the wisdom of the general plan which he adopted. The national feeling of Scotland for Burns has rendered the periodical rectification, elucidation, and consolidation of his biography a sacred duty; and it is in

the performance of this duty that the publishers of Dr Chambers's Life will issue during the next year a revised edition of that work, containing the later discoveries of its author and of other Burns students who have followed in his footsteps.

Is there to be any finality in regard to Burns? Rather, is not such finality more than a century old? 'In this prodigy Will has dung Fate,' wrote, in 1787, Sir Gilbert Elliot, who became the first Earl of Minto, and who belonged to the class of men of action—in all conditions of life—for whom more especially Burns wrote. This was among the first words of Burns criticism. It will be the last.

'SEVEN-UP' BLAINE'S CONVERSION.

CHAPTER II.—THE END OF THE FEUD.

FORTYFOOT was a kind of reproduction of New Denver on a somewhat smaller scale—less in the number of its inhabitants, less rich in mineral wealth, and, consequently, a little less wicked, but not much. Situated nearly halfway between the more important mining-camp and Quartz Rock, the nearest point of railroad communication with the outer world; and likewise at the junction of two turnpikes, the congested traffic of two mining settlements passed through it, and to this fact 'Hennesey's Hotel,' a rather commodious two-storeyed frame-building, owed its existence.

It was towards the close of the afternoon when Jim, the stage-driver, pulled up his reeking team in front of Hennesey's, and 'Seven-up' Blaine, having climbed down from his seat, stretched himself, and made his way into the bar. During the five-and-twenty-mile journey from New Denver, he had endeavoured to extract further information from Jim concerning young Hingston; but the driver could not, or would not, gratify his curiosity beyond stating that such a person had boarded the coach at Quartz Rock, that he had been set down at Fortyfoot, and, what was of infinitely greater importance, had stood him (Jim) a dollar over and above the usual fare. Jim was no fool, combining, as he did, in his character the estimable virtues of minding his own business and keeping a watchful eye on the main chance.

'Got a galoot of the name of Hingston hanging out in these yer diggin's o' yours, Hennesey?' Blaine inquired, as he caught the eye of the proprietor, to whom he was well known.

'Hingston—Hingston? Oh, he came in by last night's stage from Quartz Rock. Private room up-stairs, number six, second door on the right. Shall I send for him down, Blaine?'

'No, you don't do no sech thing, Hennesey. You just put up your hand, and I'll chip in on him permiscus-like, for I've a leetle private business to settle with him. Gimme a cocktail fust.'

Blaine did not order the beverage for the purpose of inspiring himself with Dutch courage; he had no need for that. The fact is that, though still the toughest customer in north-west Arizona, he was not quite the man he had once been. A few years of abstinence from physical labour in the mines had tended to the development in him of a slight increase of adipose tissue at the expense of muscular fibre, and he felt that, after the severe jolting he had undergone on the stage, a 'drap o' suthin' would be beneficial, not to stimulate his valour, but to pull him together and steady him for the coming interview, in which he was exceedingly anxious to do justice to his own exceptional abilities, as well as to the memories of the unfortunate 'old man Blaine' and the no less valiant 'Lish Jacobson. He swallowed the liquor, criticised the quality of it in no measured terms, and solemnly mounted the stairs with the echo of his mother's dying words ringing in his ears, while Hennesey watched him from below, wondering what on earth could be the nature of his mission.

At the second door on the right he paused for a moment to make sure that his six-shooter was in his hip-pocket and his knife in his boot. Then he knocked, and in response to a pleasant, cheery voice which bade him 'Come in,' he opened the door and took a few steps into the room. He stopped abruptly as he caught a full sight of the occupant of the apartment, who eyed him curiously from his seat behind the table, where he had evidently been writing when interrupted.

'Whom have I the honour of addressing?' inquired the young man, rising from his chair to the full height of his six-feet odd inches.

Certainly he wore a tailed coat and a white shirt, and certainly he was a long, lean individual, who bore the stamp of a university education on his pale, intellectual face as well as in his polished, gentlemanly ease of manner. So far his appearance tallied with Phil's description; but that scamp had, inadvertently or otherwise, omitted to mention that his garments were sable of hue and sober of cut, and likewise that he wore a stand-up, clerical collar and a white cambric necktie—the unmistakable outward signs and symbols of the ministry.

As Blaine took in these particulars, a sudden change came over his countenance. His jaw dropped, and his eyes dilated in blank, helpless dismay.

'A gospel sharp, by thunder!' he ejaculated, unconsciously aloud, while the minister looked on at his confusion with undisguised amusement.

'I ax yer parding fur intruding, mister,' he blurted out apologetically, as he backed uneasily towards the door to make his exit. 'I reckon I've yanked my ball into the wrong alley this time. 'Pears to have been a mistake somewhar. Guess I'd better prospect the next claim farther

on. It ain't a parson I wante roust out, but a lop-eared thief of the name of Hingston ez Hennesey 'lowed I should find in number six, second door on the right. Howsomever, ez you ain't the greaser I'm after, Hennesey must hev somehow got tangled among the numbers, an' I'll jest prospect round till I strike the right drift.'

With this, 'Seven-up' Blaine, having almost reached the door, was preparing to make a bolt of it, when the minister interposed.

'Stay!' he exclaimed, attempting in vain to assume an appearance of becoming gravity. 'Perhaps, after all, Mr Hennesey may not be guilty of having made the mistake you suspect him of. My name is Hingston—Everard Hingston, of New York; though to what circumstances I am indebted for the honour of this visit I am as yet totally at a loss to understand.'

'Great Scott! You a Hingston?' gasped Blaine, beginning vaguely to comprehend at least a part of the situation.

'My name is Hingston—Everard Hingston, as I previously observed.'

'Abner Hingston's whelp?'

'Abner Hingston was my father, which is, I presume, what you mean.'

'An' a gospel sharp?'

'I am proud to own myself a minister of the gospel.'

'Wal, gol-durn my hide!' And in a state of utterly helpless, dazed perplexity, Blaine dropped into the nearest chair and commenced to mop his face with his crimson bandana.

He was not at bottom a bad-hearted man; not naturally vicious. His eccentricities and failings were not the eccentricities and failings of an individual so much as of a class—the class of roughs of the very roughest type (which now, thank Heaven, is rapidly dying out), among whom his early years had been spent; and the fact that he held human life, under certain circumstances, so cheap, was attributable to the same unwholesome surroundings. Like many of his stamp, though not actually atheistic, he was wholly irreligious, and it was due entirely to outside influence that his daughter Cynthia had not grown up in complete ignorance of even the rudimentary elements of Christian faith. Yet, while utterly apathetic himself to all religious teaching, when brought into immediate contact with a minister or clergyman, he was conscious of a sneaking, vague conviction that, by some unknown code, there was a certain indefinable respect due to the cloth, which it would be a distinct breach of etiquette to overlook. As Blaine had himself professed, there was no man 'high-toneder' (according to his lights) in the mines, and how to conscientiously reconcile his notion of the conventionalities with his murderous design, or, in other words, how to kill young Hingston without offering an indignity to the profession he represented, was the difficult problem he now laboured to solve. The minister stood by in increasing wonderment as Blaine silently wrestled with the mighty question, the perspiration oozing freely from his mahogany face in the agony of indecision. By degrees he seemed to get a better grasp of the difficulties

in his way, and a line of action, which he considered would satisfactorily meet the exigencies of the case, presented itself to him.

'Say, pard,' he began in an explanatory tone, 'you rather got the bulge on me at fust. D'yer see, I reckoned to find a or'nerly cuss of a greaser, an' the sight o' them doxology togs, bein' sprung so sudden on yours truly, so to speak, sorter stumped me. Ef you hed been the galoot I'd calkerlated on, I should jest hev waltzed in; but I 'low to know my manners too durned well not to do the c'reck thing, an' seein' ez how you air a gospel sharp, I offers you the fust call.'

'I fear you must think me dreadfully dense, but I must confess that I don't in the least comprehend what you are driving at.'

'You don't tumble, eh?—you don't quite ketch on? Wal, then, in this-yer business I'm on, I offers you the ch'ice of weppings—der-ringers or bowies? Give it a name, pard, an' I'm on it!'

Hingston grasped so much of his visitor's meaning as to convince himself that what had up to now struck him as a bit of most diverting comedy was in reality but the prelude to an intended tragedy, and the uncomfortable feeling that the man he had to do with was a dangerous lunatic took possession of him.

'My good friend,' he replied in a conciliatory voice, 'you are evidently labouring under a misapprehension. I have no quarrel with you, neither have I any desire to seek one. Being a minister of religion, I am essentially a man of peace, unaccustomed to the use of either revolvers or knives, and possessing neither.'

'Hennesey'll accommodate you at the bar.'

'But I have no wish to be accommodated in that way. Why you should be anxious, as you seem to be, to engage me in a duel, I am at a loss to understand. Having only arrived in Fortyfoot so late as yesterday, and never, so far as my memory serves me, having met you before, I fail to see what I can possibly have done to offend you. If, however, I have in any way unconsciously given you cause to bear me ill-will, I offer you my heartiest apologies.'

'Cheese it, pard!' exclaimed Blaine impatiently. 'You can't bluff me with no sech palaver ez thet ef you chin it out till the cows come home. Why, a blue jay could see thet blind! You don't try to play it off on me thet you air the blamedest, greenest, chuckle-headedest innercent ez ever liquidated cat-lap, 'cos no Hingston ez I ever hearn tell on ever was. No, you don't ketch me on with thet lead—no indeedy! Seein' ez how you air a parson, an' I've got to cramp down suthin' awful in consekens—which it gravels me like tarnation to hev to do the perlite to a Hingston—let's hev the thing on the squar'. Wot you take this-yer corner of Arizona in yer trail fur when it don't lead to nowhar in particler?'

'That is a private matter which I should certainly decline to discuss with a stranger.'

'Which this-yer private matter is important family business?'

The minister gave a little start of surprise, and nodded affirmatively.

'Which this-yer family business is not altogether unconnected with a bully ole buzzard of the name of Blaine—Blaine of New Denver?'

At this juncture, Hingston was only one whit less astonished than his visitor had been a little while previously.

'I admit that you may be correct in your surmise,' he confessed. 'Perhaps my business is with Mr Blaine; though how you can possibly have come by your knowledge I am unable to think—unless,' he added thoughtfully, more to himself than to his hearer—'unless, indeed, the man Phil, who sat next me on the stage, has violated his promise?'

'Scuse me; wot Phil promised ain't no funeral o' mine,' returned Blaine blandly, enjoying the other's evident discomfiture. 'You 'low ez you air on the trail o' this-yer Blaine, an' I calkerlate you air hangin' round these-yer parts layin' fur to get the drop on him?'

'I—er—that is, I acknowledge that I—er—had an idea that my appearance would come as a surprise to him,' the minister stammered confusedly. 'However,' collecting himself, 'that can be no concern of yours. You have certainly surprised me into a sort of general admission, but I must decline to discuss the matter further with a stranger. As I said before, my business is with Mr Blaine, and with him alone.'

'I'm Blaine.'

'What! Blaine of New Denver?'

'Blaine of New Denver—Edward Wilkerson Blaine.'

Young Hingston's face turned a shade paler, and he pressed his hand helplessly to his forehead as he recoiled a few steps, almost paralysed by the suddenness of the shock, for the merest suspicion of the real identity of the intruder had never once crossed his mind. The two men stood and stared at each other in silence.

'This is unfortunate—most unfortunate!' gasped the minister in the direst perplexity. 'The circumstances of this encounter are so very different—so *disastrously* different to what I had fondly permitted myself to anticipate would be those of our first meeting.'

'I calkerlate thet is so. Yer best keerd's trumped this time,' put in the other sarcastically.

'Edward Wilkinson Blaine!' Hingston repeated mechanically. 'You—you're quite sure that you—er—are not mistaken?'

'Wal, I reckon I orter know my own name.'

'Edward—Wilkinson—Blaine! Then—then you are Cynthia's father!'

'You 'pear to be slingin' my darter's name about purty free,' observed 'Seven-up,' rising angrily from his seat.

'Mr Blaine,' said the minister earnestly, but not without a great effort, 'you and I must understand each other, the sooner the better. I had expected to make your acquaintance to-morrow. Fate has ordained that we should meet to-day, and I regret, more bitterly than I can tell, that the meeting promises to end unhappily for the cherished hopes I had formed. I was guilty of an error in judgment in allowing myself to be prevailed upon to adopt the course of action I have done.'

'I hev knowed men die in their boots for less mistakes than thet,' remarked Blaine grimly.

'Allowing that it was a mistake, let us get to the root of the matter. Personally—that is, apart from this affair—I think there is nothing to justify you in forming so unfavourable an opinion of me?'

'Wal, it ain't likely I should cotton to Pete Hingston's nevv—Pete Hingston wot blew daylight through ole man Blaine an' likewise laid out 'Lish Jacobson, my step-dad. It ain't likely—skursely!'

The young minister turned a ghastly hue. He reeled like a drunken man, clutching the table for support. The sweat of a great anguish studded his brow.

'This is doubly unfortunate!' he cried sadly, as soon as he could command himself. 'Believe me, I had no idea that you had any interest in this unhappy feud. I have heard my father mention the deplorable circumstances of the quarrel, but the possibility of the Blaines of New Denver being even connected with the Blaines of Snapper's Flat was far too remote to have suggested itself to me.'

'Stow that! Wot you yank my darter Cynthia's name inter this-yer palaver fur?'

'Mr Blaine,' replied the minister bravely, but with a beating heart, 'I won't beat about the bush. I love your daughter sincerely—truly, with that entire, overwhelming devotion a man can offer but to one woman in his lifetime. When you sent Cynthia to Boston two years ago to finish her education and to gain an insight into the fashionable world befitting her position, you must have realised that with her wealth of charms she would speedily have a flock of suitors at her feet. You cannot have been blind to the fact, too, that she was at an age when it was more than probable she might seriously listen to the promptings of her heart in accepting or refusing the homage of her admirers. Cynthia is twenty-one; no longer a fickle, fanciful girl, she is a woman—a beautiful, noble creature, but still a woman, with a woman's nature and a woman's heart. How much or how little you may have heard I do not know. I met her three months ago at the house of the lady who undertook to chaperon her—Mrs Selborne—while I was staying with friends in Boston. The acquaintance quickly ripened, though it was impossible for my love for her to do so, for my heart was wholly, unconditionally hers from the first hour we met. At first I hardly dared to hope that she would ever reciprocate my passion, but love knows no obstacles, and I determined, come what might, that I would win her for my wife. I—'

'Wot! my Cynthia marry a skulkin' tramp of a Hingston, an' help run a doxology-mill? No, by thunder! I'll see her hitched up to Fowler's nigger bar-tender fust!' roared Blaine in a paroxysm of fury, and in the white-heat of his passion he completely forgot those nice points in his code of etiquette which forbade him shooting a minister 'on sight.' His eyes blazed with rage, and his left hand dived under his coat-tail. In a trice the revolver was whipped out and levelled at the young man's head. Blaine's finger tightened on the trigger.

The derringer spoke, short and sharp. The missile sang past the minister's ear, dangerously near, as he instinctively ducked, and found its billet in the lintel of the door leading into the adjoining room.

'Seven-up' Blaine did not empty the second chamber of his weapon on that occasion. Other matters occupied his attention. So far as he could make out in the confusion that followed, some impetuous, irresistible force seemed to have suddenly become unchained in that modest apartment. It was not exactly a thunderbolt, nor yet an earthquake; neither was it a water-spout, nor even a cyclone. In its action and violence it appeared to his muddled faculties to partake of the nature of all four rolled into one. Before the puff of smoke had cleared away, the pistol was jerked out of his grasp and flung out of the window. A pair of long, muscular arms gripped him round the waist with the strength of steel, and hurled him backwards to the floor. Long before he had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to consider the advisability, or otherwise, of attempting to rise, the minister, with the strength of three men, caught him by the scruff of the neck, jerked him on to his feet, and with a sledge-hammer blow from his iron fist, delivered with admirable precision full between the eyes, knocked him down again.

The Rev. Everard Hingston was stooping over his fallen foe, savagely glorying in that prowess which in feats of strength had placed him far ahead of the other Yale athletes of his year, when, uninvited and unsought, there flashed upon him a text from Ecclesiastes—'Anger resteth in the bosom of fools!' His hand was stayed in the very act of clutching the unfortunate Blaine's collar; the fierce light faded from his clear gray eyes; the brute gave way to the man, and the minister was himself again. His arms fell listlessly to his sides, and a pained look came over him. In the first moments of his victory he drank deep of the waters of Marah. He recognised to the full the bitter degradation of his position, and, flinging himself into his chair, he buried his face in his hands, while the tears of remorse and despair trickled through his fingers. How miserably had he failed in his duty as a chosen minister of the Word! He had disgraced the cloth, and forfeited, not only the respect of others, but his own, by engaging in a brutal fight. How low he had fallen from that high standard of moral courage and Christian courtesy he had set himself to maintain! True, his first actions were excusable on the ground of self-defence, but how easily the Tempter had prevailed upon him to turn aggressor! It was degrading, humiliating, mortifying! Oh the wickedness and the folly of it all! He had defiled his sacred office, and the finger of scorn would be pointed at him; and—he had half-killed Cynthia's father! Instead of healing it, he had widened the breach between himself and Blaine—most probably transformed it into an unbridgable gulf. His cup of bitterness was indeed full to overflowing.

Blaine gradually collected his scattered wits, and, sitting up on the floor, rubbed his eyes as one awakening from a wondrous dream. As

he did so, his gaze rested on a charming picture of rare, ripe, feminine loveliness framed in the doorway communicating with the inner apartment, and he rubbed his eyes harder than ever.

'Pa!'

'Cynthia!' he ejaculated, staggering to his feet, and the next instant the girl was laughing and sobbing hysterically in her father's arms.

'Say, Cynthia,' began Blaine, not unkindly, when the first shock of surprise was over, 'I calkerlate your beau hez jest guv me the warmest welcome I ever hed.'

'Beau, pa!' exclaimed the girl, hiding her crimson blushes on his breast; 'Everard isn't my beau; he's my—my husband!'

'Seven-up' Blaine dropped into a chair as if he had been shot, and out came the crimson bandana once more.

'Wal! ef this-er ain't a camp-meetin' an' a circus, with a dog-fight chucked in!' he gasped, plying the handkerchief vigorously.

'Oh, it's all my fault, pa—every tiny, little bit of it! I did want to give you a real surprise?'

'You hev, Cynthia—you hev. Between the two of you, I reckon you've guv me the all-firedest, whoppin'est surprise in tarnation!'

'You see, pa, this is how it was. Everard wanted to write or wire you for your consent to our engagement, but I wouldn't hear of such a thing. So I planned a little surprise party for you. Mrs Selborne was to chaperon me, and we were all three to travel to New Denver together. Then Mrs Selborne was suddenly taken ill, which upset all our plans. A single young lady couldn't travel alone with a young man, you know—not even a minister, and I wouldn't let Everard write and spoil the fun for anything, so I just made him marry me right away—made him, pa—and bring me along for the parental blessing. At first he refused until he had got your sanction—made all sorts of stupid excuses, but I coaxed him into it at last. I positively did, pa! Ain't you ashamed of your daughter? You see, he didn't know you'—

'No, I guess you air 'bout c'reck thar, Cynthia.'

'But I did. I knew that you never denied me anything, that you had confidence in me not to make a fool of myself by doing anything rash, and that it would be all right. Besides, we should have got married in any case; we love each other so. We were coming right through to New Denver yesterday, only when we got to Fortyfoot here, I was too tired to go another mile; so we just stopped here for a day's rest, and should have come on by the stage to-morrow. We met Phil on the stage, and though I was wearing a thick veil he recognised me, and we had to take him into our confidence before he would promise not to tell you I was here.'

Before Cynthia could proceed any further, Blaine rose from his seat and walked over to the minister. There was no shade of malice in his eye, no revengeful frown upon his honest face—nothing but a look of the profoundest admiration—as he held out his open hand, and said deliberately:

'Young feller, put it thar! Shake!'

Hingston raised his head in wonderment, and laid his white hand in the other's brown palm.

'Ev'rard Hingston,' Blaine said proudly, shaking his hand long and heartily while he spoke alternately in bursts of admiration to each of the young couple, 'you air the rattiest, bulliest parson I ever come across!—Lor, Cynthy! a Arizona mule ain't in it when yer husband lets out with his knuckles! The man who can lam Ed'ard Wilkerson Blaine till he don't know hisself from a three-year-old corpse is the man I'd jest admire to hev fur a son-in-law! Gosh, Cynthy gal! he jest tooted his horn an' went in on the shoulder an' convarted me inside of three minutes! Most powerful exhorter I ever come across! I'd jest been hevin' the almightiest wrastlin' with the sperrit when you kem in you ever heearn tell on!—You air a Hingston, but you air white. I don't keer a continental wot chips you hev or you hev'n't, fur I do 'low you kin lick any four greasers in Arizona State, an' thet's the galoot to take keer o' my darter! Put it thar! Shake! You jest come right along to New Denver, an' we'll fix you up the bulliest, bang-up gospel-shop between Los Angeles an' Saint Louis; an' Ed'ard Wilkerson Blaine 'll be head deacon to han' round the sasser in a biled shirt—durned ef I won't!'

And he was, too.

THE WATER-GATE OF THE TRANSVAAL.

No commercial event of modern times has so strongly stirred the people of South Africa as the recent opening of the railway from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria, the capital of the South African Republic, better known as the Transvaal. The President of that rising state had set his heart on finding to the sea a way that should be free from English influence, and removed from the fear of English control. No means of securing an entirely independent port on the eastern seaboard existed, and the only possible alternative was to employ the Portuguese port of Lourenço Marques as the desired haven of the Transvaal State.

The making of the railway line was attended with serious difficulties. Southern Africa is, roughly speaking, an inland plateau, with an average height of four thousand feet above the sea. On the western side this plateau rises from the Atlantic in a long and regular slope; on the eastern it springs abruptly from the fringe of low coast-lands which lie between its base and the sea. To cross this coast strip, the native home of the dreaded fever, to trace a path through the rugged and bush-clad spurs which spring multitudinous from the foot of the plateau, to climb the perpendicular face of the tableland itself—these were the problems which confronted the first engineers who essayed the perilous task. Their attempts were at first unsuccessful: after a short section of the line had been completed, political and financial

hindrances brought the work to a standstill, and the Delagoa Bay line came to be regarded in South Africa as an impracticable and hare-brained scheme.

But with the development of the Transvaal Gold-fields, and the immense access of wealth which thereupon found its way into the treasury of the Republic, the idea, shortly before consigned to the limbo of things impossible, was revived. A new company, formed in the Netherlands, took up the abandoned task: one engineering difficulty after the other was overcome; unexampled energy was shown in the construction of the line, and the connection between the capital and the port was made in November of last year, though the formal opening for traffic only took place in July 1895, and was celebrated with exuberant joy by the government at Pretoria.

Whether any sufficient basis for the somewhat effusive self-gratulation of the Transvaal authorities exist or not, the future only can reveal. At present the fact remains, however persistently it may be ignored, that the Republic is still an entirely inland state, and that complications with Portugal, or a European disturbance, may at any moment deprive the Transvaal of her outlet on the Indian Ocean, and compel her to enter the South African family circle, from which she still holds selfishly aloof. It is at least certain that the new line is an important factor in modern South African politics, and is bound to exercise a great influence on the channels of trade. The harbour of Lourenço Marques is, without exception, the safest and most commodious in Africa south of the equator; and the distance from the port to the great gold-mining centres of the Transvaal is less by some hundreds of miles than that from the nearest seaports of Cape Colony or Natal. When it is further remembered that the line runs through immense, and as yet undeveloped, coal-fields, it needs no remarkable perspicuity to discover in which direction the current of trade will be deflected. It may be that a glimpse of the railway route, and the country which it traverses, may give a clearer understanding of the magnitude of the work, and the importance of the results that are likely to follow its completion.

The through train for Delagoa Bay leaves Pretoria once a day. The ironclad cars of the Netherlands Company present a curious, scarcely inviting appearance to the English eye. As a rule they are kept scrupulously clean, but do not err on the side of excessive comfort to the traveller, who may not improbably find the company of the Transvaal Boer more obtrusive than entertaining. The manners of the Boer are painfully primitive: his habits are not of the cleanliest; the fumes of his rank tobacco (and he smokes day and night without ceasing) are objectionably strong. It is curious to

observe the contrasts of his character. He studies his Bible with a superstitious reverence, yet he is cunning and shifty to a degree; the Englishman, and especially the trader, is to him an Amalekite, whom it is right and lawful to deceive. Ignorant and curious as a child, the Boer unites with a simplicity almost infantile an air of confidence which is astonishing: it is the air of those who will tell you that they beat the English at Majuba, and are henceforth the masters of the world.

For more than a hundred miles after leaving Pretoria, the train runs due eastward through open rolling plains, called by the Dutch the Highveld. The scenery is monotonous in the extreme; the climate, cool in summer and sharply cold in winter, is second to none in the world. These vast spaces of land and sky, each almost equally devoid of life, at first repel, then attract, the visitor with a magic of their own. It is a fascination quite different from that of the brilliant, crowded East, drawing men by the sensuous charm of its variegated beauty; but it is as effective and as real. Rarely indeed does the South African colonist, however successful, return to dwell beneath the leaden skies of the north.

The dull appearance of the country is deceptive. The traveller regards it as uninteresting and commonplace; in reality, these endless kopjes and treeless downs conceal beneath their bold exterior immense stores of mineral wealth. Around the rising town of Middelburg, a hundred miles from Pretoria, coal-mines are being opened in a score of places at once: every farm for many miles around is being searched for gold; cobalt is found hard by; great fields of magnetic iron stretch through the hilly country which rises to the north and east. Of these minerals the coal is most easily obtained and at present the most valuable. It is used by the railway, and by the mines at Witwatersrandt: it lies ready to hand in the future development of the iron-fields; and a colossal company has been formed to supply the ocean-steamers which call at Delagoa Bay.

Leaving Middelburg, the line rises steadily through the same unattractive mineral country to Machadodorp, six thousand feet above sea-level. Here, amid scenery which recalls the wild moorlands of Yorkshire and the Westmorland fells, the train begins to descend in steep curves, following the course of a small river, till the edge of the precipice which forms the eastern wall of the plateau is reached. The ordinary metals are now supplemented by a clogged rail, a special engine with toothed wheels is attached, and the cars, clanking and groaning, begin the perilous descent into the tunnel which leads to the valley below. A few moments of darkness, and the traveller emerges into daylight again, still on the same steep incline. But the change that meets his view is wonderful. The eye rested, ere vision was lost in the gloom of the tunnel, on a wild and barren prospect—the foaming river, naked precipices rising sheer into most transparent air, desolate hillsides strewn with boulders and shingle. Emerging, it is to find one's self gliding obliquely down the mountain-side, amid hills clothed to the summit with forest trees and bush and

waving grass; below, a smiling valley stretches far as the eye can see, guarded by hills which rise steeply on every side, as though 'to sentinel enchanted land.'

Half the day the train rushes through the valley, by the side of the hurrying stream, whose clear green waters foam white over reefs and rocks in every bend. Now the rail climbs painfully the steep hillside; now it winds through level meadow-land and over leagues of swamp, where the grass, rank and long, barely conceals the pestilential soil below. Fantastic peaks of unscaled rock peer down upon the track; wooded bluffs and steep cliff-faces, strangely coloured with brown and red, alternate with rolling slopes of yellow grass, above which strange cacti rise erect, grotesque with crowning blossoms of orange and vermilion. Over the whole silent, sun-bathed scene the glamour of El Dorado lies, and the shadow of Death! For gold is hidden in yon gray hills and dim ravines—treasure guarded by dragon more deadly than watched the golden fruit of Hesperides. Fever broods in kloof and forest almost the whole year through, and the enchanting valley through which the railway runs is one huge graveyard, where the hidden and nameless graves of hundreds of victims lie for ever unknown. On the railway construction they perished in crowds: of those unhappy ones who struck into the untrodden hills, and found, not gold, but Death, Heaven only knows the tale.

The finest scenery along the route is met with at Krokodil Poort, where the valley narrows to a gorge, through which the Crocodile River pours its emerald waters in a foaming and resistless stream. It is

A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath the waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover.

Above the narrow ravine gray rock-walls tower for hundreds of feet, inaccessible, half-naked precipices showing ghastly through their thin covering of dry and stunted bush. The contrast between the soaring, silent peaks above, and the chafing river below, strikes one keenly: the sense of solitude is almost painful, and is heightened by the hard tones and shining spaces of the midday sky. It is a relief to be out of the gorge and into the bush-clothed plain. Here the trees are of every size and sort, scanty of foliage and bare-limbed. Here and there ghastly 'fever trees' are conspicuous; leprous-looking objects with shimmering crowns of light-green leaves and naked trunks of sulphur-yellow hue. Where these are found, fever is said to be especially deadly.

Crossing the Portuguese frontier, the rail runs for many miles parallel with the broad stream of the Komati River, and then plunges into the dense primeval forest which fringes the coast. Here the sickly and penetrating smell of the malarial swamp is first noticed, and as dusk draws on, a white mist rises from the ground to a height of three or four feet. In the winter months, it is said, the country is fairly healthy: in summer it is a veritable fever den; no one escapes its attack, no one hopes to. Only in extreme or neglected cases does the

disease prove fatal; but the suffering is severe, and the patient is liable to annually recurring attacks for the rest of his days, especially on removing to cooler lands.

The port of Lourenço Marques takes its name from a Portuguese trader who established himself at Delagoa Bay about the year 1625. The town is built on the low-lying land on the left bank of English River, two miles above its debouchment into the bay. The site is ill chosen: patches of unreclaimed swamp are still to be seen on the very borders of the town, which has gradually grown over the fetid and pestiferous marsh in which it was originally planted. Lourenço and his followers were of more stubborn mould than their descendants of to-day: nineteenth-century flesh and blood finds the stench of the undrained swamp intolerable—not to be endured by living creature with the most rudimentary sense of smell. How anybody could choose to live in the midst of the fetid horror, and, still more, to raise a town on its inky, deadly mud, is incomprehensible.

The present town of Lourenço Marques is clearly enough to the outside view. The narrow streets are straight and level, often shaded by broad-leaved trees and bordered by flat-roofed, low houses, with walls of stucco painted by order of the Camara Municipal, most paternal of civic powers. The owners, however, are free to exercise their own tastes in the way of colour; hence the vistas of the narrow streets present a not unpleasing variety of tints, blue and orange, chocolate and yellow, pink and green. The latter has a startling effect, but is evidently regarded as being in perfect harmony in a country where the very telegraph poles are coloured in a delicate pink shade. The appearance of these gaily ornamented symbols of civilisation as they rise above the reeds of a fever-ridden swamp, or struggle upwards through the tangled bush, has in it somewhat, to say the least, of the incongruous. But incongruity is natural in Portuguese provinces over sea.

The unfortunate selection of the swamp for the site of the town seems inexplicable when it is found that high land rises a quarter of a mile from the river-bank, and stretches far inland. This higher ground, thickly wooded, and covered with short lawn-like grass, is composed of sand, the drift of untold centuries from the bay. The roads in this part of Lourenço Marques are for the most part sandy tracks, where the pedestrian moves with difficulty, the carriage and the jinriksha not at all; but the government is now constructing good and well-metalled roads to replace these natural paths. Numerous villas have been built in this quarter; tasteful gardens alternate with picturesque copses and patches of native bush. Landward, the eye ranges over a boundless expanse of open park-like country, seaward over the sparkling waters of the bay; while the huddled town at the foot of the heights, the spacious river and the shipping, fill up the nearer view. Seen from this point, the natural advantages of Lourenço Marques are apparent to the most casual observation. It possesses a harbour unrivalled on the continent south of the equator. Delagoa Bay itself is almost landlocked, and

sheltered from every breeze that blows except gales from the east, which seldom occur: three navigable rivers flow into it from north, west, and south, while its great expanse is ample enough to afford anchorage for the entire British fleet. English River, on which stands the town, is a mile in width where it enters the bay, and has a depth of water which enables war-ships to anchor within a stone's-throw of the jetty, and ocean-steamers of the largest class to discharge their cargoes directly on the wharves. But these advantages are nullified, to a great extent, by the apathy and incapacity of the Portuguese, who have shown themselves unable to cope with the growing influx of trade. The delays which occur in forwarding are so vexatious that merchants in the Transvaal still prefer the costlier and longer, but more expeditious route through Cape Colony and Natal. In the hands of its present owners Delagoa Bay is a useless and expensive possession, and the obvious advantages of the new railway are to a great extent lost. But if held by a progressive power, Lourenço Marques would develop at once into a first-class port, an invaluable coaling station, and a strategic naval base of the greatest importance. The Power that holds Delagoa Bay will dominate the coast from Cape Point to Guardafui, besides holding the key to the internal trade of the wealthiest part of South Africa. To whom will it fall? The question is one which is daily debated throughout the length and breadth of the South African States, to all of which the question is one of vital interest. It cannot long remain in the feeble hands which hold it now, whose pretence of power is a mockery and a byword even among the native hordes they are supposed to control.

A STORY IN EMBROIDERY.

By H. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

OLD Jason Eyre was dead, and the furniture of East Lees Hall was to be sold. Since childhood I had been filled with a strong desire to pass through its ancient rooms, where was scarce a single article that had been acquired within the present century; so, on the very first opportunity of inspecting the place, I walked across the low-lying moor and through the beech copse to the terrace garden. There was only an ancient housekeeper left in charge: she was sitting on the lowest of the semicircular stairs, polishing a pewter venison dish. A few tame pigeons fluttered about her feet. Jason had left her a small annuity; after the sale, she was to occupy a cottage in the village. She rose and curtsied in the antiquated fashion. I had met her one afternoon some months before on the moor, where it had been my privilege to disembarass her from the attentions of a bemused tramp who had followed her from the hill-gate. I told her why I had come, and she unlocked the great door.

'If so be ye care to go through by yersel,' she said. 'I dunna mind trustin' ye. Not as

I'd let onybody go, though; but my rheumatics is that bad, an' it's a' up-stairs an' down-stairs.'

So I entered the Hall, which was hung with Flemish tapestry, grotesquely illustrative of the discovery of America. On either side rose a narrow staircase, with spiral oaken balustrades that ended in a gallery. A few pieces of armour stood on pedestals; the huge open hearth was full of the litter of a daw's nest that had tumbled down the chimney. I determined to examine the chambers first; and ascending the stairs, passed from one place to another, and found all furnished alike. There were four-post bedsteads hung with silk damasks, quaint dressing-stands with services of egg-shell porcelain, mats of woven rushes faded to a dull green, mirrors that swung from standards so slender that one feared lest the movement of the heavy glass should snap them asunder.

In a garret stood all kinds of lumber—a broken chamber organ of painted wood, spinning-wheels, rushlight holders, and a pile of canvas hatchments with corners eaten away by the rats. From this place a turnpike staircase wound upwards to a campanile that opened on the leads, whence could be seen an exquisite view of the whole valley, with its scattered hamlets and bright-hued woods, and slow, shallow river. When I had rested there awhile, I went again to the chambers, and finding a side staircase that opened to an anteroom, I descended, and turning the handle of the door at the foot, entered the summer parlour. There was a strange, sweet savour there—an admixture of the perfumes of sandal-wood and cedar and rose-leaves and lavender. It came from the blue bowls that lay on the tables: when I plunged my hand into one, a filmy dust rose and floated up to the pargeted ceiling. It was a room in which you expected a lady in a hoop to step forward with a courteous speech, or a gentleman to offer his enamelled snuff-box. The colouring was warm and subdued, with a delicacy of suggestion that could be found in no modern place: it reminded one somehow of a dainty old French picture.

When I had admired the fine panelling of the walls and the subtle curves of the furniture, my eyes fell on a curious embroidery frame that stood in a corner. Its supports were made of brass, moulded into the shape of the booted leg which is the crest of the Eyre family, and the space usually occupied by the web was empty, save for a tightly rolled piece at the left side. A silver chain was twisted round this; I unfastened it, and found that the needlework, which unrolled as a blind unrolls, was joined again and again, and fully six yards long. It was wrought on a pale, shining silk. Time had yellowed the outermost part, but the remainder was almost as bright as when it left the loom. The colours of the little pictures were fresh and vivid, each represented a scene in the history of some woman, and beneath each I found embroidered in scarlet thread a short explanation. I drew

the frame nearer the window, and in the waning sunlight began to read.

The innermost picture represented a child sitting at the feet of an old man, who played on an instrument not unlike a lute. The work here was very crude, but there was a certain pleasing vigour in the postures. The inscription read: 'Candlemas Day, Anno Domini 1732.' I, Diana Eyre, at my mother's wish, have wrought this with my needle. It hath occupied a month, and ever while I have stitched, my grandfather Eyre hath played upon his viol-di-gamba to give me pleasure.—Lord grant me wisdom to direct my ways.'

The next illustration, which was worked below this, showed two girls in a French garden, amidst tall fluted columns and terminal statues (done in silver thread), whence swung from one to another fruitless vines. Beyond the balustrade on which they leaned grew dwarf rose-trees, with flowers vastly disproportionate. Diana's art had progressed; the faces were dainty and charming. 'I was fearful that my success would be small in depicting the loveliness of my most dear friend, Anna Darrandwater; yet, since she is content, 'tis not for me to complain. She had a fairer skin than I: indeed, she is the paragon.' This little idyl of friendship came to naught, for there was no further mention of Anna.

The following picture showed amidst an indistinct crowd of dancers a youth and a girl swaying in the cotillion. Both were masked. She wore a robe of pearl and green; he, a suit of azure embellished with rich laces, in the imitation of which Diana's fancy had excelled. It was possible even to see the doublings of the folds about his wrists. Something in the girl's figure—the same delicate yet vigorous individuality told that it was Diana herself, although the inscription was misleading: 'Old Christmas Day, 1735. This treateth of the escapade of Perilla, who danced fifteen times with one Aristippus at my lady Gantry's masque. Note the divine grace of the youth, the modest ingenuousness of the maid.'

After this was an illustration of a young man, riding on a sorrel horse beside a portly Squire, whose face was preternaturally severe. The brush of a fox was just disappearing in a distant wood; some wearied hounds panted almost within reach. The lover's countenance was singularly handsome, but touched with an expression of hopelessness. 'Thus asked a man for a maid of the lovingest sire in the country. But, alas! he hath a lesser fortune, and the sire will not heed. Yet, dearest one, be not afraid. Wait for her, and she will wait for thee. If love be love of any worth, 'tis lasting.'

Then followed a most charming picture of a coppice in moonlight. It was all wrought in russet and bright gray; and there was no other colour—not even in the faces of the lovers. They were walking hand in hand along a broad glade, at whose end rose a thin, wavering fountain. One could almost hear whispers and the splashing of water. In the nethermost tree a great owl blinked. To the left was a vista, which discovered part of the terrace of East Lees Hall, and the oriel of the summer

parlour. The fabric glistened so that the figures seemed to move—surely they had passed farther down the glade! The inscription ran thus: 'The lover and the maid, half despairing of moving the decision of the proud father, meet by stealth thus, and babble like children. Oh, 'tis exquisite to love, but to a maid who loves 'tis verily more exquisite to be loved! They have vowed to let naught come between them—if need be, to endure till death.'

A little vignette, very spitefully worked, came next. The scene was this same summer parlour, and the girl sat at a small table with her hands clasped, and her face turned away from an elderly suitor who knelt at her feet. His figure was uncouth; his face atrociously ugly, with a bottle-nose and wide-opened lips that showed overlapping teeth and rugged gums. His ears protruded, and his forehead was seamed with wrinkles. Despite its exaggerations, the caricature was not devoid of merit; one could soften its most grotesque features, and see there the commonplace country gentleman. Around it ran the legend: 'Melibœus came a-courting. He hath a fine estate, with two hundred head of deer, a house like a king's palace, so much money that he knows not the amount. Moreover, he hath been wed twice—scarce a year hath passed since his last lady was embalmed. The honour of his hand, the mistress-ship of his mansion, and the possession of all the heirlooms, he offered to the maid; but she refused firmly, and thereby well-nigh broke her father's heart. The lover is away in the South country, striving to make profitable a dilapidated estate which a great-aunt hath bequeathed. He hath sent her for love-tokens such gifts as farm-lads give their venches—breast-knots of red and blue and white—a silver pin and a paste-brooch. 'Twas her wish that his gifts should be thus plain, for she divined that otherwise he would outspend his fortune.'

There was another spiteful piece. The youth was standing in the street of a spa, bowing amorously to a scanty-fleshed dowager in a sedan, whose shrivelled fingers wafted a kiss. The lover was still comely as ever; but the lady's aspect was abominable as a nightmare. Evidently Diana had felt the pangs of jealousy, for the first part of the writing was full of rancour: 'Thus do men disport themselves when away from those whom they profess to love. See the face of madam! 'Tis indeed no libel. The maid's aunt wrote the whole story from Bath. Madam, spite of her plainness, is well endowed: a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds and a plantation in Barbadoes being hers.' The tone mollified suddenly. 'The lover wrote yesternorn, making light of the story. He loves none but the maid. Out upon all tattlers!'

The next scene was of most lugubrious import. It was done entirely in black silk, and at first the purport was hard to understand. There was a steep cliff, at whose foot (separated from the rock only by a narrow strip of sand) flowed a tempestuous sea, whereon swayed a monstrous boat. On this tiny beach the lover was struggling with three sailors. Despair was imprinted on his face—the despair of a man

who is losing all his happiness at one blow. Beyond the furthestmost wave the sails of a man-of-war were visible. Diana's lettering was broken and rough. 'July, the first day, 1737. This last month hath been all darkness to the maid. Her true lover, walking by night on the shore of the Channel, perchance pondering upon her he loved, is seized by the press-gang and carried out to the king's ship, *The Royal Pennon*. He hath not yet been able to write; each day is she saddened more and more. She doubts if she can live.'

A wreck was worked after this—the breaking-up of an impossible ship on waves so high and perilous as made it miraculous that the timbers had not collapsed long since. The sea was full of leviathans—sharks with jaws big enough to swallow an elephant, crabs like turtles, eels fully a quarter of a mile in length. Here and there men were disappearing; but Diana's courage had failed, and she had not dared to depict her lover's face. 'Terror hath filled the world. News is brought of the loss of the ship. Farewell for ever, hope and joy.'

A full yard of the silk was covered with funeral wreaths and moths and sad flowers. Diana had lost for the while all desire of depicting any part of her life. At last a flight of lich-fowl—ravens, owls, hawks, and the like—hovered above a corpse that lay on a deserted strand. Underneath were the words, 'Love's Obsequies.'

She had grown more bitter; there was a vein of cynical humour in the next illustration. A suite of country swains of all ages, each with his bags of gold and his attendant spaniels, paid court to a woman whose face was shrouded in a loose square of gray silk. I lifted this patch, and discovered that it hid a realistic death's-head! A collection of ghosts followed; they were labelled appropriately with such names as 'Youth's Hope,' 'A Lost Woman's Fancy,' 'The Incubus.'

But when these were passed, I saw the lover clad in palm-leaves and skins, and struggling through a primeval forest where apes gambolled. All Diana's power had returned, and her work was so full of spirit that it was hard to believe she had never beheld this strange country. 'A dream the maid dreamed long afterwards told her that the lover was not drowned, but had reached the shore, and, companionless, sought shelter in the wild forest. Perchance he is not dead. Hope hath been born again within her breast. He is surely dwelling amidst some savage tribe, and praying night and morn for the day of reunion. Until her death the maid will wait, yea, and, if God permit, she will be his through eternity.'

After this came the prettiest of Diana's labours—a copy of a letter, done in golden hair: 'MY SWEET MISTRESS—If Providence favour me so that this, the first word I write in a civilised place, fall into thy hands, thou wilt know that we are destined for each other. That I was pressed for *The Royal Pennon* thou most certainly have heard. Thou lovedst me; I vow that this knowledge hath kept my soul from sinking under terrible tribulations—and thou art still constant. Amongst the Indians, by whom 'twas my fortune to be entertained,

thy vision ever fluttered before me—from day-spring to sunset, sunset to day-spring thou wert with thy poor lover. And now, 'tis within a measurable length of time that we may meet. Each hour, nay, each minute till then seems a year.'

There was a prim study of the lover standing on the quay of a New England town. Rows of many-storeyed houses faced the river; an odd assemblage of negroes and of white folk in the garb of Quakers moved to and fro. A schooner was just ready to sail. 'The lover is coming; the maid at home is amazed with happiness. The gods have blessed him; in his absence he hath heired land and much gold. Even the maid's sire holds him as worthy, and now there is naught in store but peace and gladness. He is coming—he may be here even to-morrow. Oh Heaven, the maid gives thanks to thee that she had strength to live.'

The summer parlour appeared again, with the lovers sitting together on a settle. They were holding each other's hands and gazing into space, far too happy for speech. The Squire had peeped in through a half-open door; only his forehead was visible. 'The maid's father hath oft twitted her upon her meditations. He peered in again and again at the lovers, being desirous of hearing the traveller's wonderful adventures; but ever found them silent, and so at last retired. It is all agreed; in a month the maid is wed and taken to her husband's home in the High-Peak country. The sire entreateth that the story of the court-ing may be left for a token. 'Twill be hard to part with her sampler, but she may oft ride over on the new white mare, and peruse her work, laughing over its mirth, and weeping glad tears over its mournfulness. But ere 'tis done there is one symbol must be shown.'

It was the last piece—a wedding ring with the posy, 'One Life, one Love.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ONE of the first newspapers which gave its readers woodcuts in illustration of the text was the *Observer*, and in that paper appeared in the year 1827 a picture of Mr Gurney's new steam-carriage as it appeared in the Regent's Park on Thursday, December 6, of that year. This picture is interesting now that the adoption of mechanical carriages on common roads is so near realisation. But steam is not likely to make much headway against the more modern petroleum engine, which works without any visible outrush of vapour, which has no red-hot cinders to distribute on the road, and which has so many other advantages—that of cheap working not the least. Those who have had an opportunity of travelling in petroleum-driven vehicles tell us that the only drawback is the vibration, and the throbbing of the engine, which works whether the vehicle is moving or stationary. This fault will no doubt be remedied, for the new means of locomotion is attracting

the attention of engineers, and improvements will follow as a matter of course. As a stimulus to such improvement, a leading London paper, *The Engineer*, is offering a prize of one thousand pounds for the best designs for horseless vehicles; and an American paper makes the same announcement.

There is an interesting article in a recent number of the *Kew Bulletin* on the Vanilla of commerce, so much used as a delicate flavouring for confectionery. It is curious to read that it was employed by the Aztecs of Mexico as an ingredient in the manufacture of chocolate, prior to the discovery of America by the Spaniards, and that it was brought to Europe as a perfume, with indigo, cochineal, and cacao ten years before the arrival of tobacco on our shores. The name Vanilla is derived from the Spanish *vaina*, a pod or capsule. Dampier described it as a little cod full of small black seeds, and like the stem of a tobacco leaf. So much so that his men, when they found the dried pods at first, threw them away, 'wondering why the Spaniards should lay up tobacco stems.' Those who desire more information on the subject should refer to an exhaustive paper 'On the production of Vanilla in Europe,' which was read by Professor Morren before the British Association at Newcastle in 1838.

The evolutionary text or maxim, 'No cats, no clover,' has hardly yet passed into the general consciousness. The truth involved in this somewhat mysterious adage is illustrated by a short but interesting paragraph in a recent number of *Notes and Queries*. A contributor was surprised to learn that in a Buckinghamshire parish a new industry had been created some years ago: humble-bees were systematically bought at fourpence a head, and were as systematically collected for sale. On inquiry, it was found that the humble-bees were wanted for export (or transport) to New Zealand. And why? To help to fertilise red clover, which it had in vain been attempted to grow there.

For according to one universally recognised outcome of the Darwinian theory, many English flowers are capable of being fertilised by help of but one kind of insect. Thus common red clover is fertilised by the visits of the humble-bee, whose long proboscis reaches the honey contained at the end of the narrow tube formed by the fused petals of the plant. The hive-bee cannot perform the same service to clover, as its proboscis is too short. For the same reason the native bees of New Zealand failed to fertilise any of the red clover sown there; and so red clover could not be grown in that important colony, though clover was much in demand for New Zealand cattle and sheep. Hence the demand for English humble-bees, which cheerfully entered on their duties when transported to the southern seas.

If the connection between cats and clover is

not yet plain, it will 'spring into the eyes' when it is added that various kinds of mice are the worst enemy of the humble-bee. Hence, in the Darwinian 'House that Jack built,' the cat kills the mice that kill the humble-bees that feed on clover; and if there are too few cats, there are apt to be too many mice and not nearly enough of humble-bees for their important but not always gratefully acknowledged functions.

When the annual close time for salmon commences, which is instituted for the purpose of allowing the fish unmolested access to their spawning-grounds, the poacher comes upon the scene, and for his selfish ends does his best to defeat laws which are framed for the general good of all. The last report of the Inspectors of Fisheries shows that in 1894, five hundred and thirty-three prosecutions were instituted for illegal capture of salmon in various English and Welsh districts, and that convictions were obtained in four-fifths of the cases. It will be therefore seen that the poachers have not all their own way. In Ireland and Scotland, also, a number of convictions were obtained during the same period, but it is known that the number of detections bears a very small proportion to the number of poachers engaged in a very mischievous trade. For it is a trade, and one which could not flourish if there were not unscrupulous dealers to act in collusion with the poachers. These dealers adopt, it is said, such artifices as labelling the poached fish 'Foreign Salmon,' 'Canadian Salmon,' &c., and it is on these men that the chief punishment should fall. A plentiful and cheap supply of salmon would be an immense boon to the country, and this would be best brought about by thorough protection of the fish during the breeding season.

Dr Cook, an American explorer who was a member of the first Peary Expedition, has recently sailed on a voyage of research to Antarctic Seas. His ships are two small sailing-vessels of only one hundred tons each, and the entire party consists of sixteen members, six of whom are scientific men. The expedition is intended to reach, if possible, Erebus and Terror Gulf—seven hundred miles south of Cape Horn, and to disembark there. But should the ice permit, the voyagers will go still farther south, as far indeed as they can, although there is no idea of reaching the pole. When the party land, a wooden storehouse will be built as a base of operations, and if no safe shelter can be found for the two vessels, they will be sent northward to the Falkland Islands, with orders to return when summer comes round once more. In the meantime, during the autumn and winter, the party on shore will occupy themselves in scientific research.

One of the most remarkable features of the great Trans-Siberian Railway is one which, so far as we know, has not been tried or even called for elsewhere, not even by devout Americans, though all merely bodily wants are zealously catered for on the trans-continental lines. The Government of Holy Russia is reported to have arranged for church-carriages in the trains, with free provision for all the elements of a decorous and impressive religious

service. A pope or priest—as it were, a guard or conductor of souls—will also, accordingly, be attached to the trains making the long through journey from the shores of the Baltic to the Amur country on the North Pacific.

The glass used in the manufacture of lenses of all kinds is called Optical Glass, a material which is heavier, whiter, and far more refractive than the material used for common purposes. Up to within recent years the varieties of glass at the disposal of our opticians have been about half a dozen in number, but now, thanks in great measure to German enterprise and research, the list has been considerably increased. New descriptions of glass have made it possible to construct lenses possessing properties which formerly would have been deemed quite beyond achievement, and the most marked improvement has been seen in lenses intended for photographic purposes. One of the most recent of these is known as the 'Cooke' lens, and is manufactured by Messrs Taylor, Taylor, & Hobson of Leicester. Photographers will understand its value when it is stated that, with full aperture, fine definition is secured up to the edges of the plate. It will be of very great service for hand-camera work.

Canada is notoriously a rich land, possessing in its fertile soil, its forests, its animals, its fisheries, and its mines, inexhaustible stores of wealth. Its agricultural and dairy production is enormous. It is known to export coal, gold, copper, iron, antimony, phosphates, salt, and gypsum; but it has not generally been credited with stores of excellent pearls. This would, however, seem to be the case: the *Canadian Gazette*, as quoted in the *Board of Trade Journal* for October last, affirms that the rivers of Quebec province, especially the tributaries of the St Lawrence below Quebec city, 'teem with pearl-bearing shells. Fine stones are very rare, though some are occasionally found of the right colour as large as a good-sized pea, and perfectly round; but the less valuable kinds are very numerous.'

Dr Impey, who is the medical superintendent of the South African Leper Establishment at Robben Island, believes that he has discovered a cure for that horrible disease in its earlier stages, and in order to prosecute inquiries, he is now visiting the various leper stations in Norway, Russia, &c. His treatment consists in exterminating one poison by the introduction of another, and is based on an observation that acute inflammation of the skin in the case of those suffering from the tuberculous form of leprosy had a marked beneficial result. He finds that tuberculous lepers generally live about eight years; but if they are attacked by smallpox, measles, erysipelas, or some other inflammatory infection, they are either cured of their leprosy or the disease is modified, the life of the patient being prolonged. He suggests, therefore, that the parts affected with leprosy should be infected, by operation, with erysipelas; but he admits that success could only be hoped for in cases where the leprosy was only a year or two old. When the internal organs are attacked, nothing can be done. Dr Impey has devoted the whole of his life to the study of leprosy, and it may be hoped that his present

researches will result in some relief to the most pitiable of human beings.

A German scholar has recently published his method of learning foreign languages, and as he has succeeded by his own unaided efforts in learning English, and has also acquired a fair knowledge of French and Spanish, his remarks are certainly worth attention. He commenced by becoming a constant reader of one of the daily papers, at first confining his attention to telegrams emanating from German sources, in which occurred subjects which were familiar to him, and gradually extending his survey of the paper, often having to read a passage twice or thrice before he got at the real meaning. At last he found that he could read English as easily as he could his native language. Then, and not till then, did he take up the study of English grammar, which he did with interest. He points out that the method adopted in our public schools is just the reverse of that which he describes as having been so profitable in his own case, and he regards it as a waste of time, and irksome. He disapproves, too, of the method of allowing children to learn through talking with foreign *bonnes*, 'for the conversation carried on in a nursery must of necessity be a very limited one.'

While the population of Iceland is steadily decreasing by emigration to Manitoba and the United States, the island is being colonised from a new quarter. We all know that the famous work on Iceland by Horrebrow, quoted by Dr Samuel Johnson, contained the memorable short and significant chapter, 'There are no snakes to be met with throughout the whole island.' The statement might heretofore have been extended to all reptiles, but would, it appears, be no longer true. Two doctors, Danish and German, who have gone to Iceland more than once to study the leprosy which is endemic there, took compassion on the sufferers from another affliction—the field-labourers, tormented beyond endurance, in spite of face-masks and hand-coverings, by solid clouds of midges, which the scientific gentlemen conceived to be able to breed in such incredible quantities largely from want of amphibia and other reptiles—unattractive, it may be, but not useless. On a return visit the Danish doctor started with a company of forty Danish frogs, which all died on the voyage. The German doctor was more fortunate, and safely deposited one hundred frogs, caught near Berlin, in a swamp near Reikiavik, wherein they disappeared with joyful croaking, an object of much novel interest to the resident ducks and other water birds.

Electrically propelled pleasure-boats are now becoming so common on the Thames, that they attract little notice from passers-by, and charging stations for supplying energy to their secondary batteries, or accumulators, are now to be found every half-dozen miles from Richmond to Oxford. The latest contribution to this new method of boat-propulsion is the New-Mayne Electric Rudder Motor. This is a rudder of ordinary construction, which is hinged to a metal framework standing out from the stern of the boat. At its lower part it is fashioned like a fish-torpedo, the body of the torpedo

carrying an electric motor which works a propeller at its end. Current is conveyed to the motor from batteries carried under the seats of the boat by means of flexible wires, which at the same time act as rudder lines, for the rudder can be used in the ordinary way, should the electric motor be in action or not. The battery power required is contained in four boxes, each weighing about fifty pounds, and one charge will carry a boat thirty miles approximately. The offices of the syndicate formed for working this invention are at Bridge Street, Westminster.

A Chicago newspaper complains that the custom which prevails of attaching electric wires to the trunks or branches of trees lining the streets has in many cases been found to lead to the destruction of such trees, and that the mischief is most apparent during rainy weather. This points to the inference that the trees die from the effect of the electric current conveyed to them when the leaves are wet, and when they therefore are good conductors of electricity. In some cases the current has been communicated to the tree in consequence of a wire rubbing against the twigs, and thus having its insulating covering removed. It is believed that fresh legislation will be necessary to prevent electric lighting and power companies depending upon trees for the support of their wires.

It may be reasonably said that a public clock which does not keep good time is a mischievous institution, and worse than no clock at all. The authorities of Glasgow having determined that no timepiece in their city should suffer under such a reproach, endeavoured to trace out a means of establishing a number of public clocks which, by the aid of an electric circuit, should synchronise one with another. A suitable system was chosen, and a trial installation has been set up, which, if found to work well, is to be followed by the erection of between two hundred and three hundred electric clocks, which will be placed at the intersection of the principal streets. Many clocks in London and other towns are already connected by electric wire with the principal timekeeper in the country, that at Greenwich Observatory, by which an electric impulse is sent along the wires at stated intervals, and compels the clocks in circuit to keep time; so that there is nothing very new in the idea. Glasgow is, however, showing an example which ought to be followed by every important town and city in the kingdom.

Fresh light is thrown on the Nicaragua Canal scheme by an admirable and exhaustive article in the *Times* from a correspondent who has visited the site of the abandoned Panama Canal, and that of the one it is now proposed to make *via* Lake Nicaragua. With regard to the old scheme which came to such a disastrous end, the writer considers that only one-third of the work has been actually accomplished, and that the remaining two-thirds, if feasible, would cost more than forty millions sterling. The difficulties are rocky elevations which require tunnelling; a high summit-level requiring a number of locks, for which there is no adequate water-supply; and torrential streams

in the rainy season which altogether defy the skill of the engineers. All these difficulties are absent from the Nicaraguan route, and it is curious that Lesseps did not appreciate this. Lake Nicaragua is more than one hundred and five miles in length, and averages forty miles in breadth, and the writer of the article referred to describes it as the controlling feature of the whole problem. The utilisation of this lake and the San Juan River, which runs from it towards the Atlantic, leaves only about thirty miles of ground to be excavated. The cost of the enterprise is estimated at twenty millions, but the writer prefers, from what he has seen, to place the probable cost at thirty millions.

An interesting antiquarian discovery has recently been made in Stansted Park, near Portsmouth, of what seems to be the remains of a Roman villa. A new road was in progress of formation, and after the workmen had excavated to a depth of two feet, they came upon a tessellated pavement in an admirable state of preservation. The tiles are alternately red and white, and measure two inches square by one inch in thickness. The owner of the place is reluctant to authorise continued exploration, as he fears that further discoveries might result in what is now a quiet rural retreat becoming a show-place for the congregation of holiday-makers.

I WANT YOU.

I WANT you, in the Springtime sweet and tender,
To be with me when earth is thrilled and stirred
With all the gathering mystery of Life—
To watch with me the birth of bud and bird.

I want you, in the full and radiant Summer,
To share with me its opulence, mine own ;
In a rose-kingdom there to crown you Queen,
And kneel before you on your flower-throne.

I want you, in the sad and splendid Autumn,
To reap with me its harvests—gold and red ;
To watch it light its forest fires, and mourn
Together o'er things beautiful—but dead.

I want you most of all in Winter dreary,
That we together may make warmth and light ;
Holding aloft Love's quenchless torch, until
Its flame illumines all the gloom and night.

I want you—Oh ! I want you, now and ever !
Had I a *million* tongues, they could but cry,
'I want you.' All the hunger of my life
Speaks in these words. Am I to live or die ?
M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

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